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Unkie

Jane Hoyme

From the back seat she sang the last line of "Do Your Ears Hang Low?" and, to my delight, gave hers a wiggle. I was only seven then, and bored from a long car ride. Afterward I didn't see much more of her until she was my ninth-grade science teacher. How well I remember her—tan lab coat, close-chopped hair, and glasses —and her arms sweeping wildly through the air as she darted chalk arrows on the board to suggest the path neutrons might take in the fission process of a radioactive uranium atom. If anyone looked puzzled, she'd stop, take a breath, and say, "Well, I'd better run *that* one through again!" We knew she had all the time in the world for us, so we crowded around her scratched-up work table after school to see white alum crystals grow under microscopes, or to handle quartz, gneise, and black obsidian—rocks she'd collected. We had so much fun we hardly realized we were learning, as we found out how to figure the mechanical efficiency of a pulley, or watched the cells circulating in the bloodstream of a live frog until it tried so hard to pull away that Unkie coaxed us to "give the fella a rest." She'd also assign us some practical tasks. For instance—and to our papas' alarm—we might be told to go home and change a fuse, correctly. More power to us if we could, she said!

No wonder we had shortened Carol's last name—Unkenholz—to Unkie. She'd welcome us most any time to her Cambridge Street apartment with an earnest "C'mon in!" we weren't used to from other folks. We'd talk and joke, and if ever we'd get in too deep about the injustices of the world—teenagers can find so many—she might tell us to "Roll with the punches, kids!", and then suggest a walk. In tough Dakota winters she'd stroll along with her black fur

cap pulled down to the collar of her tweed coat, or, in summer she'd wear jeans, old tennies, and, catching her thumbs in her front jacket pockets, might stretch back and ask, "What's that star right above Wilson's elm tree?" Of course, we'd forgotten since the last walk, so we'd hurry to spot Orion and Cassiopeia, old friends by now.

In her small apartment a brown, stuffed rocker and a footstool, opposite the door, had piles of Saturday Reviews and Reporters stacked behind them. Books were shelved to the ceiling against another wall. She'd say "Natch!" about lending a book to any of us, whether it was Gandhi's autobiography, Ogden Nash, or *In His Steps*, a volume left over from college days at Taylor University, in Indiana, surely the top loop of the Bible-belt. If, on our visits, it seemed to her the girls were being left out, she could steer boys away from endless talk of stereos, computers or their latest gadgets and how to get them patented, by bringing in mugs of coffee or cider, or perhaps some caramels she'd just made.

We saw Unkie less and less after we got into high school. Although she'd agree an educated person ought not look up to or down on anyone, she tagged her reluctance to mingle with older students "scholastiphobia," and added, "It sounds impressive enough to really *mean* something!" Yet now, in our college years, we are permitted to see more of her through her letters. Here's a droll excerpt from one in which she's thanking someone for a sampling of leaves: "The little scarlet maple was lovely. As a reciprocity measure I am enclosing a pinch of snow to remind you of the hard cold realities of the land of the fittest (who else survives it?)" Then, too, we do see her at Christmas homecomings. One boy, last vacation, by displaying his lack of faith in both himself and his country, brought out her fondness for quoting, and she reminded him of Oscar Wilde's definition of a cynic: "A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."

Among adults her authority has been soaring steadily. While helping a neighbor move to a new apartment where a serviceman was installing the oven, she asked him: "Say, don't you suppose those raw wires ought to have a flexible cable on them?" The man drew back. "Why . . . if . . . if I had the right wire—." "Oh, I've got some I'll get!" She knows how to fix a washing machine, or talk taxes, and other women begin to think she knows everything. "Carol said the stores would be closed December 31st." "They will?" "Well, they *must* be if she said so"; or, "Take this string of pearls down to Carol; she can fix the catch!"

It does seem strange that Unkie's zeal for teaching science and knowing her neighbors doesn't give her the calm content she imagines others have. What Thornton Wilder wrote of one of his characters could be said of her: "Like all solitary persons he had invested friendship with a divine glamour . . . he imagined that they were extracting from all that congeniality great store of satisfaction." Unkie says you can measure affection by the light in the eyes of a person. She doesn't like to hear any bickering, and particularly can't bear to hear married people undermine one another, or vie with each other in running down their children; they prick her ideal of how people ought to live together. She's lonely at times, and discontent, as anyone who handles his daily life with such a careful idealism is bound to be.

The last time I saw her, Unkie had hours to spare after reading through the pile of papers on her desk, and the fluorescent light bounced back from a bare glass desk-top. Slouched in her brown rocker, she was watching the sparrows coquette in the willow outside her window, and at the same time listening to hear if the footsteps passing in the hall were familiar ones. Now she was wondering, should she start building that cottage on the north quarter of the farm next summer? By the creek, then, or on the hill? Should . . . and a rap on the door ended her revery. She opened it to three smiling ninth-graders, who said in unison, "Hi, Unkie!"

Haiku

I.
Does this fragile lace
Disappearing on my hand
Mask the Evergreen?

II.
November's mountain
Had a needlepoint cover.
Someone ripped stitches.

TILDA TODD

Search for Gold

It's good to find
that while I'm being told
that what I feel is old-
fashioned,
there are still people who
search for gold in the night.

And she does.
She walks without her glasses
so the distant worlds which pass
above her swimming eyes at night
are not just pin-point chips of light,
but a whole shining sky.

And a stone mill with cobbled drive
and wagons in the yard
make me tired
of the fired, screeching faces
who, thinking they're alive,
try to say that Patriotic's
synonymous with Idiotic.

There's something to be said for hills,
and kites, and quiet speakers,
and Zooey's sneakers—
and, God! a sky when the sun won't shine
and the snow's coming.

When I wake, the restless humming
of Connie while she's dressing,
and in my knees a restless singing
will not let me sit,
for the day's bringing
something—
something more.

LESLIE DAVIS

Brothers Are Forever

Tilda Todd

When I told the family good-bye to leave for college, Mother punched Walter to kiss me. I turned to him just in time to catch a quick smile on his face before he put on an air of careful indifference and bent over to reach my cheek. I was reminded of when we were little and the worst part of fighting with him was the forced kiss which sealed our truce.

We had a turbulent relationship as children, marked with many battles. Most of them were caused by his incessant teasing, or as he would say, my inability to "take it." When I cried because I was fat he assured me that I was only pleasingly plump—and that I could always get a good circus job. He was particularly irritating each year after Halloween. I had usually eaten my last piece of corn candy within a few days. Walter's trick-or-treat bag stayed full until Christmas, and he just dared me to try to take some!

Perhaps he was trying to teach me self-discipline, a quality he himself never mastered. He barely squeaked by every math course, if not the first time around at least the second. He hated school. He filled a scrapbook full of his art work, indicating a good bit of talent, but also a good bit of inattention in class. Mother was disturbed when he had to stay after school, but Walter explained that the teacher merely enjoyed his company.

That would have been possible—although Mother didn't take his word for it. Walter was always entertaining. His best performances were at the dinner table, not only in his amazing food capacity (after eight bowls of bread pudding, he remarked that he was getting tired of it), but also because of his continuous stream of stories. These were usually tales about his classmates, or so we assumed. One day he came home with a story he found hilariously funny about a little boy who dropped his quarter so often that the teacher finally taped it to his forehead. Several weeks later, Mother discovered at a parent-teacher conference that the little boy was Walter. Since then we have asked that he identify his characters —even now, when he tells of a fraternity brother who combs his hair for three hours or who sleeps with his shoes on.

Walter was always forgetting things like his wallet, his coat—or taking out the garbage. But it wasn't really his fault. No one ever remembered to remind him. He marvelled at the mistakes of the rest of us, remarking how incredibly stupid we were. For he sincerely believed in his own perfection. Even an obvious blunder like spilling his food in his lap was discreetly camouflaged by "see what you made me do!"

Call it vanity or masculine pride, he had plenty through all his "stages" as we tactfully called his erratic behavior trends. As a Cub Scout he refused to sit down in his uniform because he'd wrinkle the pants. In his adolescent years he shook the house with his weight lifting—and dropping—and embarrassed Mother by leaving his *Strength and Health* magazines all over the house. When he started dating he became unbearably self-conscious. It took at least a month to get him to the barbershop.

It was at this age that he began to talk of his right to a little privacy and demand that I come in his room only when absolutely necessary and that I knock first. This seemed inconsistent in the brother who had even let me be on his football team. But it wasn't so much of a change as I first thought. Walter still felt very free to come in *my* room without knocking—even if I had visitors over!

Walter expected to be waited on. If Mother wasn't home when he got up, I was to make his breakfast. Mothers were for cooking and housekeeping, fathers for maintaining order and discipline and little sisters for doing as they were told by the older members of the family. But let it never be said that brothers don't do their part. Walter cheerfully contributed by entertaining us while we worked. He was deeply insulted, therefore, by my implication that the kitchen could be cleaned up more easily if he and his guitar would get out of the way.

The only responsibility that my brother ever took seriously was me. He made certain that I knew what D-E-S-S-E-R-T spelled so that I'd understand what Mama and Daddy ware talking about at the dinner table, and he fought with the boy who laughed at me when I had to wear a patch over one eye. His concern continued when I started dating. If I were stranded at a party, it wasn't long before he asked me to dance. I could always expect genuine criticism from Walter about my hair or clothes, and more than once he whispered in my ear to stand up straïght.

His feeling of responsibility even included my education. I was tying my shoes and saying the alphabet as soon as he could teach me. With great authority he passed on odds and ends of information that he had picked up, valid or not. For years I believed that if I swallowed a lemon seed a tree would grow in my stomach, and I adamantly contradicted any kid who said there wasn't a Santa Claus, after all, my brother had *seen* him!

When Walter went away to college it appeared that he could get along without us. The only time he wrote was when he needed money and we had to remind him of each other's birthdays. But vacations came, and there he was, home again, with a bag of laundry bigger than his suitcase. Then it was bread pudding for dessert, please; yes, I failed trig but my roommate forgot to get me up for class; what'll I do, I'm losing my haïr; and I'll play my new album for you while you make up my bed.

Ode to Time

Time is a strange, hybrid beast:
An Alice-in-wonderland cross
Between a tortoise and a hare—
    or torbit, if you wish,
That creeps by like lightning.
Time is the scenery from a train window,
The near detail blurs by;
You can catch but bits and snatches
While the rest passes in the space
    of a daydream.
Yonder, the hopes on the horizon
Approach with painful deliberation
Despite the futile efforts of impatience,
Time is a strange, hybrid beast
That creeps by like lightning.

MARY LOU POOT

Beads from Childhood

Bitsy Eubanks

When about four years old, I was restricted to the yard of an apartment house on a city block. If I forgot that it would be dangerous for me to go out of this yard, our maid, who kept me during the day, was usually quick to bring me back where I belonged. Part of the front yard was marked off by two private walks. On a barren plot within these walks, on several metal chairs painted white, with red or green metal arms and legs, grown people would sit in a circle late in the afternoons chatting or reading the papers until dusk. These private walks angled into a public pavement that was well crumpled by watery roots of the huge pin oaks that lined the walk the length of the block. Beyond this pavement, two of these trees shaded the edges of the rest of the clover-filled yard extending down to a busy street. However, I didn't often play there because I was frightened by the cars roaring past or suddenly screeching on their brakes and sounding their horns. Sometimes I would watch a neighbor squirrel haltingly run to the other side of the street, and wonder whether or not he would make it, and sometimes he didn't.

Mrs. Simmerville lived next to us in a small dignified white house that seemed even whiter when compared to the Crowders' dirty boardinghouse on the other side. She kept a trim yard in front and in back, an unkempt garden. From the bedroom windows upstairs, I often stared down at this garden on misty mornings where luscious green grass surrounded iris stalks planted at random, their deep purple heads sharing the morning wetness with the mesh of foliage. The garden had a grape arbor in the middle that I think brought to my mind pictures in an old tattered copy of Hawthorne's *Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales,* its intertwining vines so much like the writhing snakes that bordered the pictures or were wrapped artfully around the body of some Greek god or goddess.

Besides the arbor, a birdbath and a fig tree made me curious enough to visit the garden. Mrs. Simmerville, however, let it be known she did *not* like children. They threatened her flowers and disturbed her cat. Afterwards, I didn't go beyond her driveway, double rocky paths, only a few feet away from the dark brick sides of our apartment building.

The eroded back yard of the Crowders' boardinghouse lay beyond some thin scraggly hedges that grew beside the sooty driveway used by the tenants. The rain-splattered foundations, dusty washpans and mops hanging from the back porch walls, and a rusty car frame parked near the rambling structure, made me instinctively dislike the place, even if its front, facing the highway, was whitewashed, with a neatly mowed lawn before it. Mr. Crowder sometimes tried to entertain my older sisters and me by rubbing his cheek full of sharp whiskers against ours. But Mr. Crowder never really scared us like the "crazy man" across the street. The little boy downstairs used to tell us to run and hide whenever we saw the old man come swaying along. He wore a black felt hat pulled low over his eyes and a torn suit jacket with unmatched trousers. According to our informer, he usually stayed inside his house locked to his bed by a ball and chain.

In the back of our place, tall hedges marked the end of the shallow yard. In each of its far corners two garages stood, one of them belonging to Mrs. Simmerville. Stubborn crab grass grew in the well-packed soil along the clothesline and around the gym set that I sometimes played on. The exposed red clay near the garbage cans, was packed hard as bricks and showed neat little round holes, the homes of the jacks. I would fish for these furry black and yellow worms by sticking a broom straw in one of their holes and waiting till it wiggled. Then, trying to keep the clinging worm from falling off, I would gently pull out the straw. This game would keep me occupied some days for countless minutes, and when I finished, I counted my worms with a real angler's pride.

In one corner of this yard, the hedge didn't run quite all the way across to the Simmerville garage. In the intermittent space, a picket fence stood catty-cornered between them. This place was caught in the shadow of a pecan tree's overhanging limb. I hardly ever played in the damp sandpile there, half-ruined anyway from the black eroding soil of the embankment on which the fence stood. But sometimes I made a very special trip through the cool shadows to go over and peep through the moss-covered sticks of that rickety barrier, and the sight behind it I remember very vividly. As if in another world, huge green beady leaves blew softly at my eye level in brilliant sunlight. It must have been only a simple turnip patch, but the sparkling leaves looked brittle like they'd been coated with a bubbling sugar glaze.

Since the Catholic school, a remodeled ante-bellum mansion, was only two empty blocks away from Mrs. Simmerville's, I started kindergarten early. I was quite awed by this school that seemed much more religious every day than my own Sunday school and church. I began to be very sad and longed to be a part of the religious sincerity I saw. Every morning the sisters would chant prayers in Latin before our work began, a prayer for each of the deep brown beads on their rosaries. All other times the rosaries hung down importantly from their waists, the ornate silver crosses hidden in the folds of their black habits. I was at last given my own rosary made of opaque pastel-blue beads. I would try to finger the right bead as I followed along in the chanting. All of the prayers seemed to begin and end with, "Hail, Mary. Mother of God . . .," that phrase linking one prayer to another. At my church I suddenly insisted on my own baptism, having become very conscious of death. I would often cry over the certain prospect of purgatory, but in the meanwhile, try awfully hard to be very good.

Sometimes I would play in the dusty front yard by our maze of concrete steps, or just watch the people pass by. One time I saw a young girl who lived in one of the downstairs apartments, coming from way across the street, wearing a skirt that seemed quite magnificent to me. It had a grey background with four huge magenta roses on it, and green leaves sticking out from behind the blooms. When she got near enough for me to say, "That's a pretty skirt, Jane," she flashed a surprised look and answered kindly, "Why thank you!" before disappearing inside.

By the magic of cars, this environment was not the only one I came to know well, for almost every weekend my mother would take her three girls down to grandma's house. Going there was like a chance to squeeze through the picket fence, so spacious was the freedom before me. This world, bigger yet so much more intimate than my city block, at once made me inwardly calm, though full of excitement and expectation. My curiosity could be exercised freely as well as my legs. The minute we leapt out of the car loudly announcing our arrival to aunt, uncle, and grandparents, I felt spontaneously free. Usually the three of us would race straight to the piano where we'd start a brief racket that reverberated all through the house with its high ceilings.

Everything would be just the same, yet always so different. Granddaddy's corn would be a foot higher, and something new would be blooming in Grandma's garden. She'd be anxiously waiting to show the garden off to us, but still act disappointed over something we'd missed and a little miffed, too: "If only you'd come before yesterday's rain—the glads were just ruined . . ." or, "This isn't anything—you should have been here last week. Even *Mrs. Wilson* came by and stared . . ."

Our visits were always on Sunday, so a big dinner was usually in store. How I did love sitting at the big round dining table, the sun streaming in from two high windows through stiff organdy curtains onto the spotless damask. Outside those windows in summer, orange day lilies would be leaning in various directions, their tall stems crossing gracefully. Even the grey rocks and black earth among their green clumps of foliage could be seen, the sill of the windows were so low. In a corner a china cabinet stood with mixed sets of crystal glittering through its glass doors—some lavender, some palest salmon, and next to these, cut glass bowls and pitchers that would catch the sun's light, refracting colors of the frail crystal around them.

The talk flowed as we'd serve ourselves slices of giant tomatoes, corn, and butterbeans. My aunt and uncle would tell funny stories about the night before in their store when most of the colored folks would come to town all dressed up spending their change bit by bit, but mostly standing around joking or arguing with each other. Or the talk would change to the weather and the crops, flowers and gardens, where the fishes were biting and who was having the best luck, and what kind of bait they were using. My aunt would sometimes go into mild mimicries of the affectations or characteristics of certain relatives or townspeople who particularly displeased her. Her acts always sent us into spasms of uncontrollable laughing.

After lunch we were free to do most anything. Sometimes we would see who could build the prettiest froghouses out of the cool sand from the middle of the unpaved street. A crepe myrtle blossom for a flowering tree, moss for a yard, and twig fences went into some of the most elegant froghouses ever created.

Sometimes my sister, Florence, would go into the Plunder House with me, where lots of old things were stored. We loved going through the stacks of mildewed *Geographics* or opening up old trunks. If we got tired of rummaging, Florence, always the adventurer, would suggest our climbing the branches of the ancient magnolia tree that would make us tell-tale sooty and black.

Other times one of us would occasionally visit Grandma for several days, and then we were even freer to take in the everyday life of a small rural Georgia town. Always my sense of reality was sharpened there. Work was done with an eye to realizing beauty so that weeding the garden or picking up leaves became a pleasurable and vital thing to do. My city block held delights in such small quantities that I may have looked around me more closely to find them, but in the country I felt exuberance by being part of an order that seemed to come directly from human work and love combined.

The Kiss

The lake was clear,
The pier was nearly
In the water,
And when we kissed,
Little hidden boys
In bushes threw
Pebbles, splashing
Water nearly
To us.

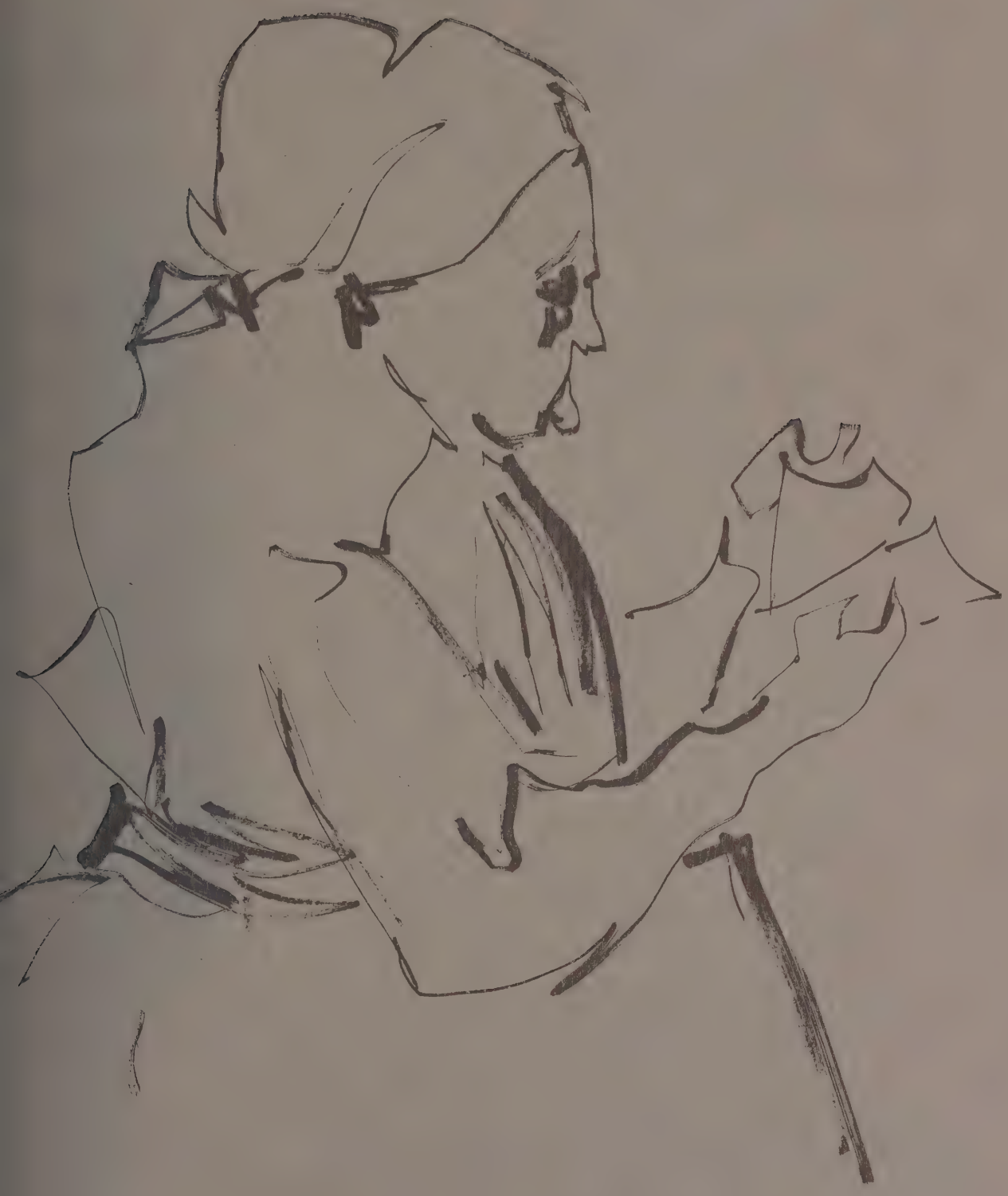
Cold frozen splashing—
Caused by rock
Meeting water
Flung by boys
Too young to hear
The shattering
Of the kiss.

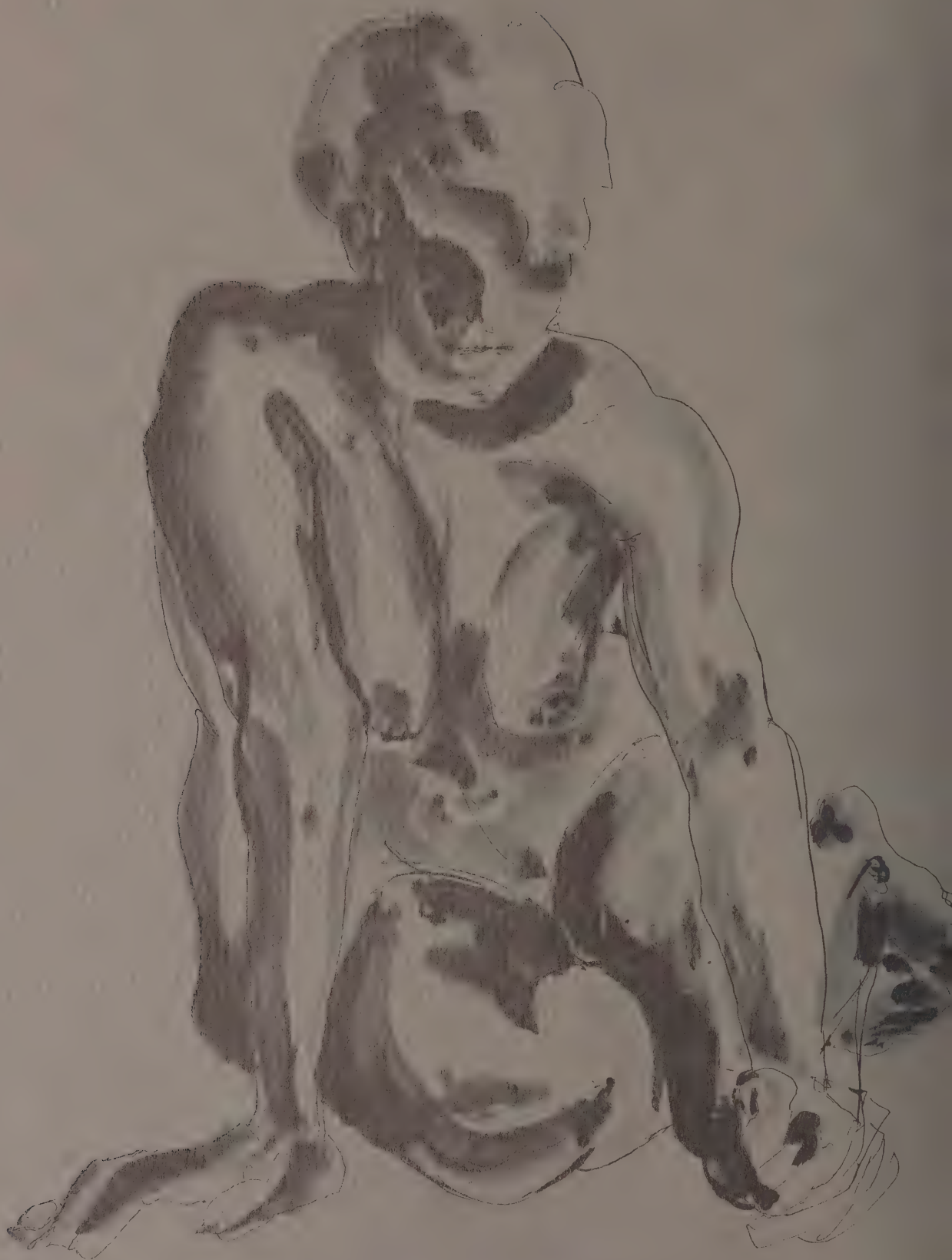
JEANNE SIMMS

Billy Dancing

I saw you dance tonight,
And through the nearly open
Door, I watched young-muscled
Chest and arms in feverish rhythm,
Moving to the drum-beat of a newer
Song than mine. Standing
In the dark outside your room,
I held you to my breast;
Held the boy on Bay Creek bank
As you ran laughing
Through the wind, hunting
Irridescent dragon-flies.
Held you with my arms, but always
Faster, never waiting, never still,
You moved beyond my reach.
I turned away, resigned
To never watch in shadows
While you dance.

CAROL COLE





Spring Thoughts

Spring was in the air today.
Did you feel it too?
The scent of tree bark
Still wet from spring rains
Followed me in and out.
Had there only been time,
I would have written a poem.

JEANNE SIMMS

A Child's World

Door knobs that won't quite turn,
And table tops that are too high unless you sit
On the Webster's Unabridged,
And spinach and broccoli,
And the pine tree next door with a limb
Named Trigger,
And that dog with the muzzle . . .

CAROLINE DILLON

Solipsism

White light blinds only those
who cannot see—
The roots grow down to the
willow wild—
And searing silence is numbing
to those who fear the agony
of a slow-running red soul—

The grey-matted flowers of
the mind grow in this
kaleidoscope of knowing—

DENNY HUBBARD

Marky

Fran Mathay

When I first saw her, she was crouched on her hands and knees in the middle of the sidewalk on the Champs Elysees. A crowd of people were gathered around her. She was working rapidly on her second pastel chalk of Christ on the Cross, and her canvas was a cement block of the sidewalk. At a glimpse, she appeared much too young to be out so late at night in the middle of Paris drawing religious pictures on the street, but there she was.

Her blond hair fell into strands on her face which she would push out of her eyes, leaving dark dirt smudges on her cheeks from her hands. She wore a plaid smock with a hat of matching material. She was barefooted. Because she was so petite, I guessed her age to be about fifteen. The crowd began to throw money at her. As the coins fell, she would look up and sweetly say, "Merci, monsieur."

The situation which the young girl had placed the crowd into was sad, mysterious, and quite unique. She was like a sorceress controlling and manipulating the emotions of the on-lookers. The Crucifixion picture which she was drawing resembled a morbid, gaunt replica of Christ suffering. The crowd would be attracted first to the picture and then to its artist. After watching her work, I threw a coin down at her feet. She looked at me and said, "Merci, mademoiselle."

It was in this instance that I finally saw her face clearly. She had huge ice blue eyes which she had accentuated with heavy eye make-up. Her pale cheeks were hollow and her lips were pinched. I sank back in the crowd. She was much older than I had first guessed. Suddenly, I realized that she was momentarily playing with people's personal feelings. Besides questioning her artistic intentions, I began to loathe that girl and everything which she represented.

Even though I know the street cleaners have long since erased her pictures, I have not been able to erase the imprint which this person left on my mind. A person needs a name and I have dubbed her as "Marky."

Something of Substance

Day—a wooden table;
Two crystal glasses
On a paper afternoon.
One glass shatters into tears,
The other into rain.
The paper slips off
Somewhere into darkness
Leaving only the table.

SUE RUPPRECHT

Everything

In general,
It comes and goes
Like good weather.
You don't appreciate it
When it's here.
When it's gone,
You miss it.

SUE RUPPRECHT

Sea Rhythm

Sea gulls mewing, wheeling, dipping;
White wings flashing over sapphires
    Strewn among the foam-flecked seas.

Footprints pointing, showing, leading
Down to throbbing, pulsing, swelling
    Waves that gently kiss the shores.

Sea shells tumbling, rolling, falling,
Tossed by currents, smoothly, softly,
    Cast onto the blazing sands.

Sea foam flying, spraying, laughing,
Playing tag with sea birds drifting
    On the currents of the breeze.

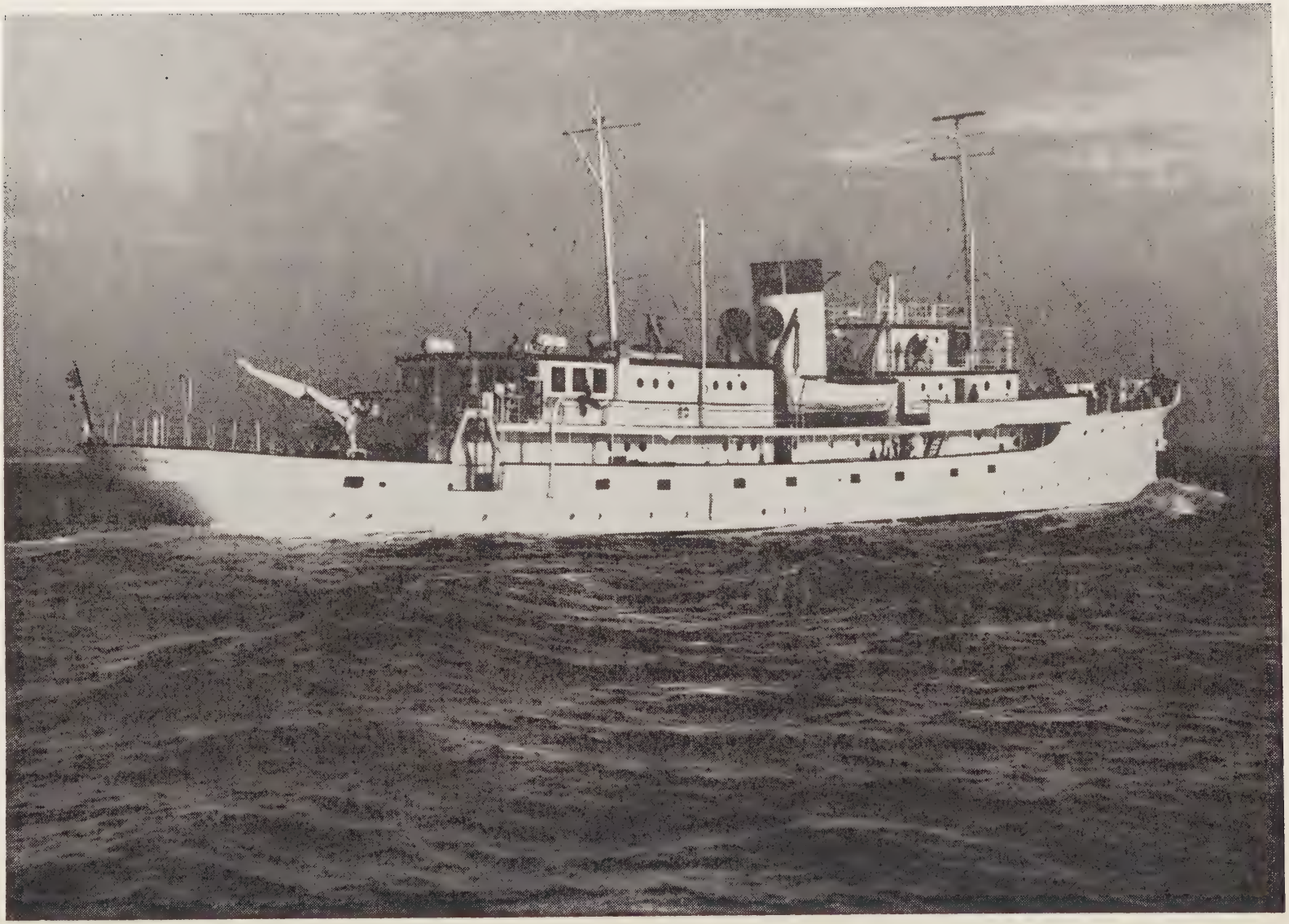
Fishes gliding, thrusting, fleeing:
Living in the limpid waters
    Breathing sapphires from the sea.

Endless treasures, crusted, lying
Not remembered 'neath the surface;
    Creatures flit about the gold.

Sea ferns swaying, drooping, drifting;
Always moving, singing, calling
    "Seaman! Watch, beware, be wary!"

Sunset gilds the molten, shifting
Cup of restless liquid, leaving
    Precious gold no man can steal.

PAXON McLEAN



The Research Vessel ANTON BRUUN heading down the St. John's River at Jacksonville, Florida, on cruise 10.

Cruise Ten of the R/V Anton Bruun

Harold J. Humm

"She's down there at the end of pier 17," the man in the guardhouse at the entrance to the Jacksonville Shipyards told me. "Are you guys goin' out in the morning and flirt with that hurricane?" He seemed to imply that scientists wouldn't know any better.

"No," I said, without the slightest idea what the captain might propose. "We're going to stand by until it starts moving again." I headed out onto the quay in the direction he indicated.

Although I had never seen the *Anton Bruun,* I recognized her from a good distance. She was a contrast among the towering hulks of freighters, tankers, barges, and battered but rugged-looking tug boats that almost surrounded her.

The *Anton Bruun* had been the presidential yacht *Williamsburg* during the Truman administration. When plans were completed for the United States' participation in the International Indian Ocean Expedition, her ten years of "mothballs" ended and she was converted in 1962 to an oceanographic vessel and renamed in honor of a famous Danish oceanographer.

For three years, during which nine cruises were conducted in the Indian Ocean, she carried scores of American and foreign scientists on all manner of research missions. This scientific program was directed by Dr. John H. Ryther of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, an authority on productivity of the sea, with the invaluable assistance of Dr. Edward Chin. Indian Ocean Expedition cruise nine (with one of my former graduate students aboard) terminated at Steamer Point, Aden, in December 1964. The *Anton Bruun* came home via the Suez Canal as a distinguished scientific "platform" in January.

The Southeastern Pacific Program

Once again it looked as though the *Anton Bruun* were headed for the mothball fleet. But through the recommendations of influential scientists, the National Science Foundation made possible a new series of cruises, the Southeastern Pacific Biological Oceanographic Program, for a period of one year. During the summer of 1965 the ship was worked over from stem to stern and in August a shakedown cruise was held from her Boston shipyard to Jacksonville.

Cruise 10

Dr. Edward Chin, Director of the Pacific program, planned cruise 10 as an interim operation to be carried on while the ship was en route to the Pacific for the new series of cruises. Since the ship would have to skirt the West Indies and go through the Caribbean Sea to the Panama Canal, he saw this as an opportunity for a group of marine biologists interested in the biota of the area. Accordingly, cruise 10 was planned as a zig-zag course through the West Indies and Caribbean Sea, terminating in the Canal Zone on September 21.

When Dr. Chin asked me to serve as chief scientist on cruise 10, it was with disappointment that I pointed out to him that classes at Queens began during the cruise, that I could not be late, and that I felt obliged to decline. He promptly countered with the suggestion that I plan a port of call somewhere in the Caribbean a day or so before I had to meet classes and then fly home from there. That did it.

Hurricane Betsy

On the evening of September 2, Captain Rothrock, Chief Mate Duncan, and I met in the chart room. Hurricane Betsy had become stationary northeast of Great Abaco, Bahamas, after having followed a course that looked as though it were aimed at the Jacksonville shipyards. Captain Rothrock suggested that we postpone our 6 a.m. departure until noon, for it was reasonable to expect "Betsy" to begin moving again soon and then her new course could be plotted. At mid-morning during another conference, departure time was moved up to 6 p.m. Betsy was still hovering off the Bahamas.

At 6 p.m. September 3, we moved out. Captain Rothrock decided that we had a good chance of getting south of the hurricane by the time she made up her roaring mind to resume a north or northwestward path.

Cruise Plans

Our original cruise plans involved about a dozen oceanographic stations for the first leg of the cruise between Jacksonville and San Juan, Puerto Rico. We planned to go south along the Florida coast to the Northwest Providence channel between Bahama Island and Bimini, eastward to the Berry Islands, into the Northeast Providence channel, and then southeast along the outer side of the Bahamas archipelago and on down to San Juan. We scheduled three stations along the Florida coast. From there we would cross the Gulf Stream, stop at the Berry Islands, then to the south end of Great Abaco, the eastern side of the Island of Eleuthra, Cat Island, Crooked Island, Salt Cay in the Turks and Caicos Islands, Silver Bank, the Brownson Deep, and then into San Juan on September 14.

Guest Scientists

There were eight guest scientists on cruise 10 plus five members of the permanent scientific staff of the vessel. The visiting biologists included Dr. Harold Harry of Texas A and M, Dr. Arthur G. Humes of Boston University, Dr. George Schultz of the Duke University Marine Laboratory, Dr. Royal D. Suttkus of Tulane University, Dr. Sylvia Taylor, Acting Director of the Cape Haze Marine Laboratory, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Vokes of Tulane, and the writer.

The Florida Stations

We arrived at station 1 off the Florida coast at 5:30 on the morning of September 5 and hauled a 40-foot trawl for an hour. Our catch was dominated by molluscs, crustacea, and fish.

Station 2 was a fortuitous encounter with a series of patches of red water. From a distance, the patches were quite distinct, but as we approached them, it became increasingly difficult to tell when we crossed their margin and were in them. We took samples by dipping and by hauling a fine mesh plankton net. The red tide organism in this case was a bluegreen alga containing a red pigment. It is sometimes toxic to other marine organisms.

We occupied two more stations along the Florida coast that day and the collections included many algae as well as invertebrates and fish. In the early evening we received a hurricane advisory from the Coast Guard that indicated that it was reasonable for us to continue on our planned course. Accordingly, the ship swung eastward and we began to cross the Gulf Stream toward the Northwest Providence channel.

Television to the Rescue

An hour or so after dinner Captain Rothrock strolled into the salon to join the off-duty crew members and others there watching television. Soon came a weather report. The hurricane had begun to move southeast, the announcer said, and it was headed for the Berry Islands, exactly the same spot we were! When in the history of hurricanes had one moved south?

Captain Rothrock was momentarily speechless. In a few words, well-chosen but better unquoted, he decided that maybe we'd better listen to television rather than the Coast Guard if we wanted to know what the hurricane was doing. The Captain headed for the bridge and soon we were moving south again.

At a conference in the Captain's headquarters we decided to keep going until we arrived at Dry Tortugas. There we would occupy one or more stations and then turn back toward the Bahamas as soon as the hurricane had gone ashore. I knew that the Captain would feel must less hemmed-in at Tortugas than he did along the

Florida coast. Out there we could run from Betsy in almost any direction—except toward Havana.

Pursued

About 1 a.m. on September 7 we were abeam of the powerful Tortugas light. Shortly before, a new hurricane advisory told us that hurricane Betsy was coming right after us, but her speed was somewhat less than ours, so we were gaining. The Captain announced that it was not safe to stop at Tortugas, so we headed westward toward Cabo Catoches, Yucatan.

About 2 a.m. September 8 we completed our crossing of the Yucatan Channel and came over the edge of Campeche Banks, the submerged limestone plateau that is really part of the Yucatan Peninsula. It was 2:42 a.m. when we lowered our heavy box dredge in about 33 fathoms of water. Five minutes later we hauled it up and it was completely full of an assortment of algae and invertebrates that would delight any marine biologist. On the next haul we lost the dredge and its lead weight; but, fortunately, the cable was not lost. A weak link which preceded the bridle chain and was designed for such emergency circumstances broke and saved the main winch cable.

Two hours later we made three more short but very valuable hauls with a smaller box dredge in somewhat deeper water. I was surprised to find 18° C. water on the bottom over Campeche Banks for I had always thought of it as a tropical habitat.

It is strictly the Captain's responsibility to direct the activities of the ship when there is danger to the personnel and the ship. Accordingly it was at this juncture that he gave us the choice of waiting until the hurricane had passed into the Gulf of Mexico (it was still following our wake) and then going back through the Straits of Florida and into the Bahamas to some of our original stations, or of going south down the Yucatan Channel, around the western end of Cuba, and toward the Cayman Islands. From the Cayman Sea (the western part of the Caribbean) we would go through the Windward Passage between the eastern end of Cuba and the island of Hispaniola. In either case we would lose several more days of working time. We decided to keep going.

The Cayman Sea

Jim Gerrity, our radio operator and purser, sent a message to Alpine Geophysical Associates in New York, managers of the vessel operations, asking that they obtain permission for us to work in the territorial waters of the Cayman Islands. We had clearance for all the Bahamas, but the Caymans were not on our original cruise plans. Alpine responded that clearance could not be obtained on such short notice.

We sailed past Grand Cayman (visible only on our radar) and were off Cayman Brac when another wire came. "Clearance to to work in waters of the Caymans has been obtained."

We decided to keep going.

To Treasure Island

About midnight on September 11 we could see Guantanamo on our radar screen. At breakfast time the mountains of eastern Cuba appeared off our port side and the mountains of Haiti on our starboard (and somewhat closer). We were in the Windward Passage in waters for which charts are no longer available except by special arrangement. This protective provision was made to discourage American ships from using that route. Lights and other aids to navigation along the coast of Cuba are unreliable, discontinued or changed.

In the afternoon the famous rendezvous and treasure-trove of the pirates, the island of Tortuga, was only a few miles off our starboard. It looked much closer for it is a mountain ridge rising out of the sea and lying just off the northwestern coast of Haiti. Although the sky over the sea was mostly cloudless, masses of clouds hung over the island.

The Turks and Caicos

At 3 a.m. September 12 we arrived at dredge station 7 south of the Turks Islands where we made two hauls with a heavy dredge in 1500 to 1800 feet of water. At 8 a.m. the ship hove to about three miles off Sand Cay of the Turks Islands. At last, we could do some shore work in shallow water.

While the chart indicated that we could have run closer to the island, the Captain felt that the area was poorly charted, as it was far from shipping lanes. "Besides," he said, "I'm not running this ship in water in which I can see bottom, no matter how deep it is." Bottom was clearly visible though the depth was 60 feet.

Salt Cay

Bos'n Henry Murranka swung the two rubber boats ("Zodiacs," made in France) neatly over the side by means of the "cherry picker," a versatile hydraulic crane mounted on the starboard side near the stern. The scientists went down a ladder into the boats and we were off for Salt Cay, low on the horizon. Dr. Arthur Humes stayed aboard to supervise trawling operations on the banks while the rest of us gathered data and material around the island.

The other zodiac was perhaps half a mile ahead of mine as we approached the island. I watched with concern as the craft rose

up onto a breaker and rode it ashore, surf-board fashion, ending up on the beach. Fortunately the outboard motor was not damaged.

We circled just outside the breakers and I spotted the shallow coral areas by the action of the waves as they passed over them. After allowing several large waves to pass, we went in when I felt we were among a series of smaller ones. We rode the crest of one briefly, but it was small enough so that I could swing around and head back out to sea at the desired moment. As we did so, I signaled John Hall of the permanent scientific staff to jump over-

Over the starboard stern goes one of the "zodiacs", rubber life-raft type boats powered by an outboard motor. Bos'n Henry Murranka (left) has his right hand on the controls of the "cherry picker" and the boat is eased into the deep-blue Caribbean.

board with the bow line and secure it around a coral head. We had no anchor. I stopped the motor and joined him underwater and we soon had the line around a coral ledge pointing seaward.

We waded ashore and dragged the other boat off the beach. We tied it to ours and while I stood ready with the motor running John untied the bow line and clambered in. We ran around a point of the island and found a perfect little protected cove. From there I knew we could depart with a full load of people and collections without swamping.

Salt Cay is so-named because it has been a source of salt since the days of sailing ships and pirates. Rain is so rare that it is almost a desert and the vegetation is principally cacti and acacias with a few other low xerophytes capable of withstanding the terrific sun, salt spray, and saline soil water.

In the distance toward the higher and slightly populated end of the island, we could see the salt flats. They are surrounded with low dikes and a flood gate is opened at high tide so that the crystal clear sea water can flood the flats. When it has evaporated, the salt is raked up and the process repeated. The BTU's required to evaporate all that sea water are cheap in that part of the world.

What a contrast there was between the hardships imposed upon the bedraggled burros, goats, and the plant life on Salt Cay and the incredibly beautiful underwater scene surrounding the island! Great heads and dendroid masses of coral grew in patches, and there was a forest of tree-like soft corals that swayed as the waves passed over. In all directions were fish of every size, shape and color. For a while we were all so impressed that we just looked instead of collecting and making notes. There in abundance were the plants I had come for, probably more than 100 species. We obtained thousands of specimens of fish, invertebrates, and algae and when our time ran out no one could tell that anything had been removed from that submarine paradise.

Both zodiacs made the trip back to the ship without incident. In the afternoon we made two dredge hauls on the slopes of a submarine canyon, and that night we sailed for San Juan with time enough saved for a mid-water trawl haul in the Brownson Deep north of the Mona Passage between Hispaniola and Puerto Rico.

The Mid-Water Trawl

The mid-water trawl is a large cone-shaped net with a circular opening and a series of progressively smaller rings. In the tail end the mesh of the net is extremely fine. The depth at which it fishes is determined by the cable length and by an angular metal planing device attached by a bridle. We put the trawl over a little before dark and hauled it for five hours with about 1½ miles of main winch cable out. We estimated by the wire angle that it was fishing at a depth of about one-third mile.

Animals that live at great depths often exhibit a diurnal vertical migration, coming up at night and going down again toward morning. By fishing at night we hoped to capture some of the animals that normally live at greater depths than we were fishing, although we might have done better had we been able to trawl after midnight. The net came up with a remarkable assortment of deep sea creatures, nearly all of them red or black. There were skinny snipe eels, gulpers or black swallowers, brilliant red shrimp, and many other weird forms. It was tempting to put the trawl back in, but that would have made us late.

At 6 a.m., exactly on schedule, we sailed into San Juan harbor, looking for our tardy harbor pilot. That afternoon I arrived in Charlotte via New York.

Let's Keep the *Anton Bruun* at Work

The Southeastern Pacific Biological Oceanographic Program in which the *Anton Bruun* is currently involved will end with cruise 18 at Guayaquil, Ecuador, on September 9, 1966. Dr. Edward Chin, scientific director of the ship, has plans for an additional cruise in the West Indies, Caribbean area as the ship travels from Guayaquil back to the United States.

But then what?

There are no plans, no financial arrangements for the continued operation of this superb oceanographic vessel. Either it will re-join the mothball fleet or it may be given to a foreign country, as has been proposed (for use as a gunboat?).

The need for oceanographic research needs no further emphasis. Even more important than working in the Indian Ocean or in the southeast Pacific is an expanded program of oceanographic research around our own continent. Is anyone willing to say that we have enough (or too many) marine research ships? And how many of them are as good as the *Anton Bruun*?

I am convinced that there is no sound reason for terminating the valuable work of this ship in the fall of 1966. Its continued need is obvious and pressing. This nation has the financial resources despite Viet Nam.

My personal opinion is that she should undertake a new five-year program of biological oceanography in the West Indies, Caribbean Sea, and Gulf of Mexico, the least-known, most complex, and potentially productive areas off our own continent. Those of us interested in the marine sciences would use this ship to her fullest capacity, if given the continued opportunity. Research reports and publications would result from the *Anton Bruun's* operations in every area of the broad spectrum of marine science, but especially in biological oceanography, a neglected area because of its lack of military value.

Beneath the Net

[I]

I count one, two, three,
Four beneath the net
For you are caught
Within the web of our creation.
And have you ceased to struggle
And lie forever quiet?

I would weep for you,
But tears of mine shall never fall upon you
For who am I to break the silence of the deep
With a tiny tempest of tear drenched hands?
Though the salt of the sea and the salt of my soul be one,
My tears shall never break the tides.

[II]

And I would ask you,
Creatures of the deep,
Forgotten world not of my eyes,
Does the light of my world – –
Sight and sun and sands of shore – –
Pattern through the net
To remind you
You, too, are children of the sun
And glisten silver in the sun-streaked sea
And turn your silver bellies to the sky
When at last you do escape
The silent twilight, in all eternity?

FRANCES R. A. PATERSON

Right Reason

The perfect combination
of intelligence and restraint,
that balance delicate
and rational as rain
that flecks its pinpoints
one by one against your face
to give a freshness to the
outline, deepening the place
to landmarks legible but meant
in terms of lakes and oceans,
anywhere that force of immortality
has placed its touch of reason,
leaders consummate.

PAUL B. NEWMAN

Tautology

The winter wind blows black patterns
through the pale orange of my window's
hanging glass.

A green piece was lately felled by
a careless tug at the gold curtain:
and there was but a single echo as it
struck the sterile white surface
splattering it with glass-blood.

I often wonder exactly where the
thread snapped and how long it
resisted the overwhelming pressure
of the indiscriminate cloth.

Black patterns move just as vividly
through me, though I fancy that
I'm held safer from shattering than
is the glass trembling by a single
thread.

Perhaps it was the weakness of the
thread and not the strength of
the curtain that sent the glass
crashing.

It was, after all, subject more to
the weight of the melted sand
than to the folds of the heavy assassin.

DENNY HUBBARD

The Jack Daniels Sign Drips Away . . . No Matter What

Nancy Dorrier

It's raining and I wonder if anybody is cold and wet and needs help and comfort . . . here I sit with my eyelids heavy and drooping practically down to my knees . . . I'm loving the sound on the glass of my window . . . it's so slow and spasmodic that you could count the drops if you really wanted to . . . it's like somebody, somewhere is just slowly wringing a wash cloth and letting it drip, drip, drip like the Jack Daniels sign on West End Avenue . . . the liquor is charcoal-aged or something great like that . . . drip, drip, drip like a leaky faucet that you can't get up to fix so you let it lull you to sleep . . . one, two, three, four . . .

Those monks you used to hear about must have tortured themselves that way . . . they start with a "T" . . . you know, the ones that Rousseau wanted to check out . . . all soul and no body . . . bread and water and hard beds . . . not for me, and I don't feel guilty . . . I got enough soul for me . . . anyway twenty-one is too young to be too worried about stuff . . . gotta think about your body some 'cause if you forget then you're bound to think about it and then where's your soul? . . . like if you forgot to eat or take a bath or something, you get hungry or smell bad and that's all you can think about and your soul waits on . . . Trappist, that's it . . .

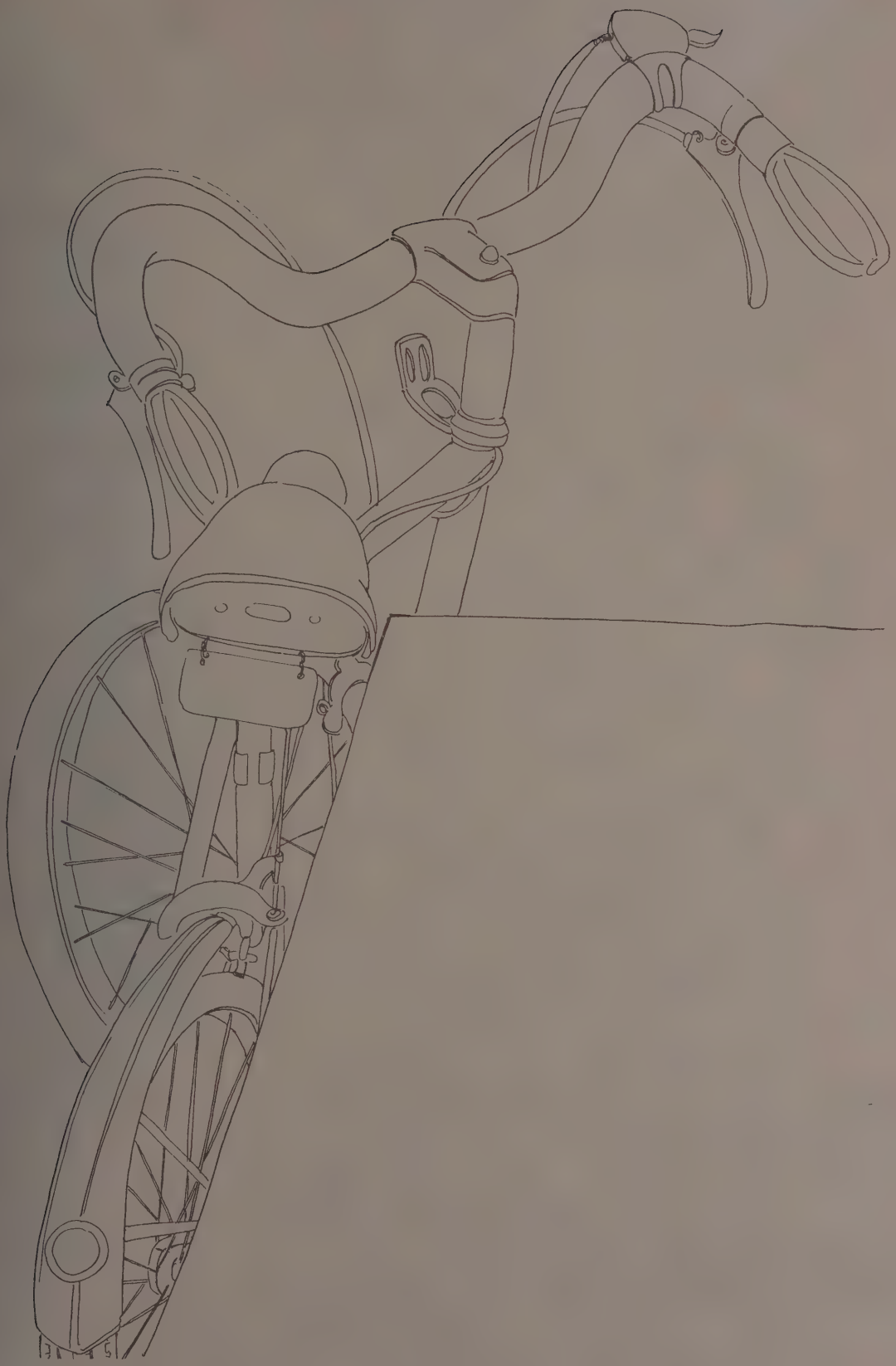
There's one thing that everybody else can do I guess that I can't and that's chew gum . . . I guess I really ought to be thankful for it since it's kind of a dumb thing to go around doing all the time, if you ever really stop to think about it . . . I just finished popping two fresh Bazookas in my mouth . . . I threw the wrapper out somewhere, I don't even know . . . and after I had loosened them up, I gulped them down and they were in my stomach . . . I wonder what it does down there . . . somebody said it was bad to swallow that stuff but I guess I've done it all my life and I'm still pretty much okay . . . someday maybe all of the accumulated Bazookas and Double Bubbles will take over my body . . .

Sometimes when you're studying, do you ever just want to sit and doodle? . . . you know, the way you do in class on the margins . . . sometimes if I can't doodle I think I'll scream . . . I just want the pen to be moving in my hand or something . . . it could be because I'm trying to stop smoking—that must be it . . . doodling is purely therapeutic . . . everybody ought to do it . . . it's great . . . now here are some lessons in constructive doodling . . . When you feel the urge coming on, just pick it (the pen) up and write down exactly what you're thinking—anything—like maybe my stomach sure does hurt . . . gotta write home about money for plane ticket, really does hurt . . . mmmm, I wish I could work this piece of meat out of my teeth . . . that's about one of the worst things! to have something in your teeth and not be able to get it out and you can't smile or do anything cause then everybody would know . . . about doodling . . . you gotta doodle like nobody is ever going to read it . . . not even you because then you don't have pure doodlings . . . you don't have bad words or catchy things that you know you think about . . . you just leave it all out and then the doodlings aren't really you because you kept stuff back . . . the fun part comes when maybe a month or a year later you read 'em and it really is kind of entertaining . . . the most entertaining person to me in the whole world is me . . . everybody ought to feel that way 'cause you really can have fun with yourself seeing how long you can hold your breath or go without blinking . . . you could just sit all night and play games and stuff . . . especially if you know how to doodle . . .

Summer Grass

Today the summer grass is thick
Against the backyard wall.
And we can rub our thumbs along the brick.
Today the summer grass is thick
And shade will cover spreading weeds to pick
Before September—fall
Today the summer grass is thick
Against the backyard wall.

CAROL COLE



Impression

Little bug
a i
w nder ng
s
acros
my paper.
r in
Whe e are you go g?
Never mind, bug.
ther
Nei do I.

ELIZABETH ANN KERR

Talent and Temperament

Janice Medlock

"Jack of all trades, but master of none" would perhaps be the most apt description of my creative, versatile grandmother, Katherine Brower Coffman. Her talents as an artist, seamstress, hatter, pianist, and poetess were always envied by her female relatives. Granny's abilities were remarkable, and she could have become really accomplished through any one of them had she disciplined herself to do so. Instead, she allowed capricious whims of the moment to rule her volatile temperament, and if she didn't complete a project while "in the mood," as she said, it would never be finished. Half-written verses of poetry marred by numerous erasures and angry pencil marks, she used for bookmarks and grocery lists. One day I found three cut-out dresses, ready to be sewn, stashed away in a box labeled "Katherine Brower's trousseau, 1913."

Granny came to live with us the summer before my sophomore year in high school. We converted the top of the garage into a kitchen which would adjoin one of the upstairs bedrooms to make an apartment. There Granny and I lived upstairs together for three years, sharing the same bathroom. Occasionally Granny and I argued, but mostly we laughed about the childhood adventures of the Brower family in a small Indiana town.

Granny had lived several hundred miles away in Memphis, and we had visited her only on holidays; but when she arrived she looked the same as I had always remembered her. Her white hair was parted in the middle and drawn back from her oblong face

into rolls, held securely by combs, behind the ears. But the lovely, curvaceous figure of her youth had melted (with the addition of forty pounds and fifty years) into a barrel shape, leaving no hint of an indentation between her sagging bosoms and broad hips. Granny's best feature was still her ivory complexion. Her cheeks had a natural rosy tint, and in cold air they became bright red. Since extra pounds and old age had given her a double chin, she would sometimes stand before the mirror and critically examine her appearance, then vigorously pat her second chin with the back of her hand. Many years of tedious needlework had weakened her bright, blue eyes, and she now wore old-fashioned, metal-rimmed spectacles.

According to my great aunt, Granny had not been a pretty girl, because her nose was too large; but her healthy complexion, full figure, and lively spirit had made her an attractive person sought after by many young men. Granny's first fiance was a young man from Ohio who had stopped in Indiana on his journey west. They met at a Fourth of July dance when she was seventeen. Reverend Brower had forbidden his daughters to dance, but Granny was not to be stopped the night of the town's biggest celebration. With the help of her sister she made a rope of sheets tied together, slipped out the back upstairs window, went to the dance, and met the fiddler from Ohio. For two months Granny and Charlie dated clandestinely. They became engaged and planned to marry in two years when Charlie came back with a newly acquired fortune.

Letters and occasional packages from Charlie kept Granny content for a year, but on her eighteenth birthday her impatient spirit revolted. She announced to her family that she was going south to work somewhere until Charlie returned. No one in Peru, Indiana, approved of Brother Brower's daughter leaving for a job in the outside world; but Granny was so determined she couldn't be stopped. Unruffled by the opposition she boarded a train to Ripley, Tennessee, an even smaller, more isolated town than Peru. There she found work in a small hat shop where she used her artistic talents to design and fashion hats. Although her salary was small she managed her income well enough to live in the nicest boarding house—Ripley's social gathering place.

As a newcomer to Ripley, Granny attracted a lot of attention—especially the interested glances of Sam Coffman, a fellow boarding house resident. One evening at dinner Sam sat across the table from Granny, and during the course of the meal he pressed her toes with his foot. Startled, Granny looked up from her dinner to

see Sam's broad smile and devilish wink. She was so indignant at the impudence of this so-called Southern gentleman who dared flirt with an engaged woman that she promptly excused herself from the table. But six months later she accepted Sam's marriage proposal, and Charlie was forgotten. Granny wrote Charlie of her engagement, but he never answered her letter. Many years later when telling me of her romances she smiled wistfully and mused out loud, "Wonder what happened to Charlie Bowen?"

Widowed at the age of sixty-five, Granny lived alone for ten years until her poor health compelled her to move in with us. My mother was at first dubious about Granny's joining our household, because she had always asserted her opinions about household management, and would brook no criticism, not even from her daughter. For three months Granny behaved beautifully and Mother breathed a sigh of relief. If she was downstairs when a minor quarrel erupted Granny would press her lips together so hard her face contorted into a frown, but she never said a word. She would stand rigid at the scene of the squabble until her face turned red with anger, then abruptly leave and march determinedly upstairs. I could hear her frustrated mutters coming from her room. One day my brother tackled me in the living room and I retaliated with a bloodcurdling yell. We fought with screams and laughter until my mother finally shouted, "*Stop* it!" That time, Granny angrily predicted from the top of the stairs, "Ruth, oh Ru-u-th, those children will be the death of you yet!"

Granny was wonderful to us, in spite of her infrequent violent outbursts of anger. Her ability as a seamstress never ceased to amaze me. One Christmas I selected a very expensive dress for the biggest party of the season, but Mother flatly said "No." I fled to Granny in tears and explained my frustration. She consoled me until I stopped crying, then picked up a pencil and paper and demanded, "Describe it." Then she sketched the exact dress in every detail. For a week no one mentioned the dress or the party, and I became reconciled to the idea of wearing last year's, out-of-style, childish dress. Granny, especially, avoided the subject, and she made no mention of the sketch. One afternoon Granny came to me with a twinkle in her eyes and said she had a surprise for me. In the middle of her room, draped on a model, was the dress, so expertly finished I was positive she'd bought it! She had made the pattern herself and measured my clothes for the correct size without my knowing it. It fit perfectly. How she beamed with delight! She had not only made me happy, but proved to herself she had the finesse of any seamstress half her age.

Granny continued to communicate frequently with her Indiana relatives either by lengthy epistles or long distance calls. If someone didn't answer a letter within the absolute limit of three months, Granny would announce her intention of calling. At the appointed time we could her her dragging the rocking chair across the upstairs hall, our signal to keep the line free. When the chair had been stationed, the clock placed on the telephone stand, and the alarm set for three minutes, she would yell downstairs in her squeaky voice, "I'm ready!" Three minutes later the alarm sounded, she hung up, and immediately the phone rang—the operator reporting the charges—and the call was completed. For another three months, Granny might be content to know that "Ethel was just fine."

The August before my first year at college Granny learned she had a serious heart condition. She often suffered extreme discomfort, but she refused to complain, insisting she would dampen my excitement. Until the day I left for Queens she worked constantly, altering hems for me and sewing on buttons. When I hugged her and said good-bye she whispered, "I won't see you again," and the following October thirteenth she died in her sleep.

Every time I look at her oil painting hanging on our living room wall, wear a skirt she made for me, or read a verse of her poetry, I understand the envy of her female relatives. Granny certainly had talent, but capricious temperament prevented her from becoming really accomplished. Had Granny concentrated on her various talents the name Grandma Coffman might be as well known as Grandma Moses.

To An Apple

Tired of being, are you?
  (a shiny hypocrite)
Angry scapegoat, are you?
  (could Eve just once admit?)
Frustrated by apple baskets?
  (ruined by a rotten one?)
Through with responsibility?
  (all the doctors can come)
Sour apple, are you?
  (I am too.)

TILDA TODD

Ozzie and Harriet

Pat Tyler

No one would tell us much about Ozzie and Harriet. Our only informants were the few waitresses who had worked at Spruce Point Inn the previous summer. And, even they seemed purposely vague. When pumped for information, the other girls would give us that "Oh-you'll-find-out!" smile, but this was clue enough for each of us to cross our fingers that we would not have to wait on the two.

One afternoon we were all eating supper in the staff dining room. The young bellhop came in, and, as he piled his plate high, casually announced that Ozzie and Harriet had just arrived. A sudden hush came over the room as we waited to hear more about this mysterious pair. In between mouthfuls we learned that they had arrived in identical cars with nineteen pieces of luggage which included their own dishes and a box of firewood. Moreover, they had moved into one of the Inn's largest cabins, which until now had been reserved for families.

Soon after the dining room opened, the hostess showed two middle-aged women to a window-table overlooking all of Boothbay Harbor. It was in my section and I knew without introduction who they were.

One was a tall heavy-set woman with a loud bossy voice, who called me "dear," but with a slight smirk on her face—the kind which makes you feel like a peasant serf. Afterwards, I often wondered about the contents of those nineteen suitcases, because I saw only four or five outfits on her the entire summer. Every morning without fail she wore a pair of blue denim peddlepushers almost full enough to be considered bloomers, and with these either of two blouses—one in large red and white checks with an open-necked

spread collar, or its duplicate in blue. On the collar always flew a cheap white sea gull pin. Above her shoes (canvas with thick rippled soles) appeared the kind of socks you see on six-year-olds. She alternated only a couple of nondescript print dresses for evening, but did own one special Sunday outfit: a typical half-size dress in navy blue with a gored skirt, and square neck filled in with white lace. This was Miss Ossermann, but only a few of us had to use that name; to everyone else she was Ozzie.

Miss Higgins, or Harriet, differed completely in both looks and personality. She was prim and proper in every detail and showed far more refinement than Ozzie. She was the shorter of the two and very thin, and though she held her slender hooked nose in the air, she seemed less to be feared than her boorish friend.

Harriet always dressed in conservative clothes, and the only peculiarity was in her pocketbooks, at least eight in number, which she kept in constant rotation. Each was very small, and held at her waist with both hands as if she were a wedding flower girl.

Both Ozzie and Harriet were extremely annoyed if anything disrupted their routine. Each day was varied only by the weather. At 8:15 they would come in for breakfast, which consisted of blueberries, cold cereal, toast (Ozzie's had to be two slices of wheat bread), Sanka, served with boiling water, because water in the urns wasn't hot enough. Harriet had also one three-and-a-half-minute egg. Neither one could order a dinner as it was listed on the menu. They either wanted no gravy at all or extra tartar sauce, ice cream with sauce, or sandwiches without mayonnaise. If their meat was not the right shade of pink, I had to take it back; and if they didn't like *any* of the selections, the chef had to fix them something else.

Ozzie had a long thermometer tied to a string, and after breakfast they would go down to the dock and drop it into the water. If the temperature was over sixty-two degrees they would go for a swim; otherwise they'd lounge in their favorite chairs. According to Ozzie, Boothbay Harbor had never exceeded sixty-six degrees.

Once my curiosity overcame me, so pretending mere pleasantry, I asked about what these two guests did during the rest of the year. Both were retired high school teachers. Harriet had been graduated from Vassar; Ozzie, from some small university in the Midwest. They now spent their winters in a Florida hotel. That is all I found out, but I felt as if I'd known them for years.

After seven and a half weeks, when they finally ended their thirty-seventh consecutive summer at Spruce Point Inn, the bellhop loaded all nineteen pieces of luggage into their identical white Impalas. Then he switched their license plates and called all the staff together to watch the long-awaited exit. After much to-do and repeated good-byes, each drove away in the other's car.

A dream for everyman

the sugar-blossom spring of sun and Salem cigarettes
brought to you in living color, courtesy CBS
with wash and wear of cellophane

sweet lovers of the sugar-blossom spring
hands tight clasped against the heat of day
but never to forget, in the mature male, etc.
with adonis face of perfect form
is almost, not quite, bovine

your venus, the dream of all mankind,
pushed up and together
compressed and added to
the ivory of her skin at twenty dollars the ounce
and the perfume of her hair is minus excise tax
direct from london, paris, and so forth

and the nectar of the gods
is beech-wood aged
the laughter of the wine
lies under pop-tops, ever present,
handy

so run, my lovers,
run and laugh
to your chariot of chrome
with bucket seat and padded dash
a gift of vulcan, GMC

then run, sweet lovers,
before the kiss of aeolus
corrupt your kiss of Micrin non-offense
then run, sweet lovers,
run to the celestial city
of structured steel and soft concrete
beneath your ever running feet

FRANCES R. A. PATERSON

Civilization

From the beginning to now
Men have changed
From animals to
Animals more concealed
And back to animals
At convenient intervals.

ELIZABETH ANN KERR

The Difference Is

The weather makes a difference to them:
Those hollow-eyed Koreans, crouching low
For warmth, or sweating under A-frames filled
To twice their size, whose babies play in streets
Barebottomed, gathering round the jangling cup
And mournful cries of a gruesome face. Their rice
One year destroyed by floods and then by draught,
The weather makes a difference to them.

TILDA TODD

The Voodoo Woman

Kay Davis

Kentuckians often say Berea has more variety of people than New York City; and after meeting the town's voodoo woman, I have to agree. Even if every other person in the county looked and acted alike, this locally renowned magical Negress is strange enough to upset any balance of stereotypes.

The voodoo woman has no name, and no one living in Berea is old enough to remember if she ever had one. The only person exceeding her ninety-six years did not move to Berea until Roosevelt's first term, and by that time the voodoo woman had watched the birth and death of two generations.

Berea, however, was not her real birthplace, even though she tells every stranger, "I's wuz berned 'n bred 'n dis spot where'n I sets." Whenever she declares this, her eyes stay shut for several minutes, and she raps her knuckles three times on the filthy floor under her bed. She told my friend Molly that knocking on wood stops the mean spirits from separating her soul and body during the night when she's not watching for them. Regardless of what she says, Berean amateur historians know she was born an outsider; some of the more suspicious residents seem to doubt her natural birth anywhere.

According to one of the true legends about her, she first came to Berea on the Fourth of July in 1889. The date was easy to remember, because her riotous older brother had started quite a commotion among the people who were gathered on the courthouse

lawn to watch the afternoon parade. The faster he ran through the crowd, the louder he yelled, "Dere better be no carpetbaggers sniffin' round dis town, cuz I's skin 'em live!" Luckily, if there had been any northern radicals within fifty miles, none admitted it. One look at the big Negro was all it took to know he meant what he said. After a few minutes, one of the town officials—the judge, I think—quieted the newcomer, and together they left the square, walking toward the south end of town. By the next morning, gossip revealed that the raving Negro and his sister had moved into a one-room shack, a mile from the city limits.

No one in town was brave enough to risk a visit out there, but rumors curbed much of the rising curiosity. All reports agreed on one point: The sister had been injured after the War, running from either the North or the South; no one was sure which. The outcome of her injury was a loss of either both arms or both legs; and again, no one was sure about the truth. Months passed before anyone discovered any answers. The mysterious couple was never seen leaving the shack, and soon people gave up trying to decide how they got water or food.

But sometime after Christmas, a skinny young colored boy appeared from nowhere, asking for a doctor to help his Uncle Raymond. When the doctor found Uncle Raymond lying dead on the floor of his freezing cold shack, he was wearing the same faded shirt that he had worn his first and only day downtown. The dead man's sister was asleep in the only bed, and the thin excuse for a blanket was all that protected her from the wind whistling through the cracked windowpane. The cover outlined only a half body, for the tale about her having no legs had been correct. She opened her eyes before the doctor left, and after one glance, realized what had happened to her brother. Instead of crying, she began chanting a weird dialect, calling out for people not physically present in the room—or anywhere.

When I first met this voodooist two years ago, her hardened bitter face frightened me. The black skin, stretched like worn elastic over her bony nose and cheeks, made her yellowing eyes bulge far out of proportion. With no teeth or hair, she resembled a person who has covered her head with a black nylon stocking. Lack of expression in her mouth and eyes furthered her grotesqueness. When she talked, her jaws moved with a perfect mechanical rhythm, making her voice an inhuman monotone. Before the sound of each word, she inhaled deeply; this was the only action that convinced me she was alive.

She was the first genuine voodooist I had ever seen, but she was not at all what I expected one to be. Molly had warned me to be prepared for a surprise, but until I faced the door of the sordid shack alone, I felt adventurous rather than tremulous. Some have said that you can learn much about a person by closely observing his house, and the truth of that saying is certainly well exemplified in my recollections of the gruesome surroundings of the sorceress. No road led directly to her hut, and the long walk through the forest of weeds and thorny bushes was as desolate as the inhospitable individual I was soon to meet. A haggard, middle-aged Negro woman, surrounded by several almost naked children, answered my knock. When she opened the door, the odor of garbage and mildew inside the crowded room made me sorry I had come. The dark dampness inside contrasted sharply with the summer warmth outdoors. One of the barefooted children held out her hand, demanding two dollars to see the "ugly ole witch." At the same time, she pointed to the sheetless iron bed—and then I saw the voodoo woman for the first time. A green chenille bathrobe, covered with lint and spots of crusted egg yolk, concealed most of her deformed body. The lapels of the robe were parted, showing a ragged dingy undershirt underneath. Her only jewelry was a red plastic bracelet, so tight on her wrist that it seemed to cut her flesh.

Before she spoke, she stared at me for what seemed like hours. The stare was the kind that looks up and down and straight through, and all I could do was return it. Right away her concentrated attention forced my mind to be on the defensive, and I was ready to guard against her supposed powers. She must have been reading my thoughts when she said, "You don't like me." It was a positive statement, not a question; I soon found out that nothing she said lacked conviction or self-confidence. Without asking me anything, she mentioned many true events from my past and correctly analyzed my present attitudes.

She didn't use a crystal ball, but insisted that "the spirits" communicate through cards and palm reading. Never once did she contradict herself as she foretold my future. She didn't like for me to smile at anything she said; and once she became indignant, thinking that I considered our meeting a joke. Each minute she made me more nervous, and sensing my discomfort, watched my every movement with obvious scorn. Her power of subjugating everyone with her eyes made a good substitute for her feeble, impotent body; she seemed delightfully satisfied with her ability to dominate.

Her manners were deplorable. While we talked, she sloppily ate pimentos from a can, and drank two bottles of Nu Grape. At times, she ignored me, gazing at the ceiling above her bed, or thumbing through the pages of a battered Gideon Bible. Whenever I hinted that I must leave, she grabbed my wrist, demanding that I stay until she "finished with me." Like many older people, she often paused to refer to her past. It was hard for me to distinguish between her true reflections and those of sheer fantasy, especially when she spoke of her childhood.

Her favorite topic was love, and she told countless tales about her six husbands and twenty-four children, all of them beyond the realm of probability. She also liked to tell dirty jokes—the cruder, the better! When she questioned me about my boyfriends, she was openly blunt and vulgar—, but she became enraged when I told her I believed in God. She didn't seem to understand when I asked her why she had a Bible.

I left her shack with mixed feelings of disgust and pity. I rationalized by deciding that she was pleased with her own insanity. Maybe her purpose is to make her clients realize the difference between day-to-day existence and being *alive*. Certainly she is not a person one can easily forget. I never can be sure if she was aware of the irony of her words when she said, "I likes fo' people to live 'n live."

Void

What happened to your heart?
Did it fall out when you
Bent over to pick up something
Or has it just slowly
Disintegrated over the years?
You look kind of empty
Without it.

SUE RUPPRECHT

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